

Betty's Thanksgiving

Unidentified.

"Thanksgiving won't seem like itself without roast turkey," sighed Betty Brownlow.

"What does Thanksgiving mean, anyhow?" asked Aunt Kezzy, looking up from the carpet-rags she was cutting.

"It means—why—it means"—Betty paused for lack of words.

"Turn the word around and it will answer the question: Giving thanks. You've enough to be thankful for if you don't have roast turkey to-morrow."

"I don't know as I have," and Betty sighed again. "Father has lost so much money this year that we can't afford anything, seems to me. I can't have a new dress this winter, only mother's old one made over, and I've got to wear the same old hat and cloak I've worn two years. Brother Tom can't get a vacation to come home to Thanksgiving, and sister Sue thinks she can't afford to come so far for so short a time; so there'll only be us four."

"I tell you, Betty," said Aunt Kezzy decidedly, "the way to be thankful is to look at folks worse off than we are."

"I don't know of any," replied Betty a little stubbornly.

"Could you spare mother a little sour milk?" asked a timid voice behind them, making Aunt Kezzy and Betty look around in surprise.

A girl about Betty's age had pushed open the door so softly that they had not heard her come in, and her bare feet made no sound on the floor. Bare feet at Thanksgiving time! She looked clean, but her clothes were thin and patched, and she was thin, too, and looked both cold and hungry.

Mrs. Brownlow came into the kitchen just then. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Rhoda McKane."

"O! your family has just moved into the house at the end of the lane?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And it is your father that is sick?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long has he been sick?"

"I don't know—it's a long time."

"Has he any appetite?"

"He ate a little potato and salt this morning, but he said it didn't taste good."

"I shouldn't think it would," said Betty.

"Why didn't he eat something better?"

"Hush! Betty," said her mother.

Betty had never thought of people so poor that they had only potatoes and salt to eat.

Mrs. Brownlow filled the pail with sour milk and said,

"Tell your mother I will come to see her this afternoon."

"May I go, too?" asked Betty as soon as the girl was gone.

"Certainly: I'd like to have you."

So that afternoon they set out, Mrs. Brownlow carrying a pitcher of sweet milk and Betty a little basket of nice apples.

Betty had never seen so poor a home, with

so little comfort, tho everything was clean. There was another girl, Jane, smaller than Rhoda; Silas, a little boy about six, besides a mite of a girl, all barefoot. Mr. McKane could just walk about the house and his wife looked tired and careworn; but the call did her good, and she thanked them heartily for the things they brought.

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, you know, said Mrs. Brownlow, as she rose to leave. "Won't you let your three oldest children come over and take dinner with us?"

How these children's eyes shone!

"They won't look fit," said Mrs. McKane; but Mrs. Brownlow said, "Never mind;" so it was settled.

"Now, Betty," said her mother, when they were fairly out, "Aunt Kezzy and you and I will see what we can do to make these poor children more comfortable."

"O yes!" cried Betty, "do let's hurry home!" And all the way she was planning what she could spare. No more fretting after roast turkey for Betty!

That was a busy house that night and the next morning. Aunt Kezzy, who had worked at tailoring, found cloth among her carpet-rags good enough to make Silas a Jacket and pair of trousers; also, a red flannel waist could be cut out of Betty's old dress. Mrs. Wells cut over and mended, and Betty helped wherever she could; so by church time the next day there was a nice pile of clothing ready. Betty found old out-grown shoes and stockings—not new, to be sure, but a good deal better than none—to cover all three pairs of bare feet. She looked over her books and toys, and laid aside a good many for the McKane children that she really valued. She was learning the luxury of self-denial.

After church, when the chickens and plum-pudding in the oven were beginning to smell so good, the McKane children came, all with such clean faces and hands and their hair combed smooth, but still barefoot.

Betty took the two girls into her own little bedroom and helped them put on the new garments. How comfortable they looked!

"So good to have on shoes and stockings again!" said Rhoda.

"And this warm dress and everything," added Jane; "and the house smells so good, it seems like heaven to be here!"

Aunt Kezzy had buttoned Silas into his new suit, and how grand he felt! But there was none of them so overcome but that they could eat a very hearty dinner, and the Brownlows all enjoyed seeing them enjoy it.

When, at sunset, they started for home, all loaded with bundles, they were full of thanks for everything. It was plain to be seen they enjoyed every minute.

Betty watched them down the path with a sign of satisfaction; then, turning round, she hugged her mother rapturously—

"Oh, I've just got the best home in the world, and this has been the very best Thanksgiving Day I ever saw!"

The Morning Hour

Exchange.

Dean Farrar tells that his mother's habit was, every morning immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend the hour in reading the Bible and other devotional books, and in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfill all her duties, and to remain unruffled by the worries and pettishness which are often the intolerable trials of narrow neighborhoods. He says he never saw her temper disturbed, nor heard her speak one word of anger or calumny or idle gossip, nor saw in her any sign or any sentiment unbecoming to a Christian soul. Her life was very strong, pure, rich, and full of blessing and healing. And he says it was all due to the daily morning hour spent with God in the place of prayer.

The young Christian should begin early to form right devotional habits. Let a portion of the morning hour be sacred for prayer and thoughtful reading of the Word of God.

Sisters' Society C. E.

For Everything Give Thanks

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds and hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood—
For everything, give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky—
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee;
For everything, give thanks!

HOW MAY THE S. S. C. E. DO WORLD WIDE MISSION WORK

Read at the National Conference by Alice Harly, of Allentown, Penn.

The command, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields," is one that is being sadly neglected these days by hundreds of professed followers of "Him" whose great heart of love takes in the world. Before the servants of the Lord Jesus will be stirred with the same compassion which moved the Master's heart when he looked upon the multitudes, "scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd" there must be that same pitying, sympathetic glance of his followers upon the harvest fields.

Why do we so selfishly enjoy the blessings of the gospel, when ten thousand million people in the world, without the gospel, are included in the "every creature," named in the Lord's farewell commission to his disciples? It is perhaps, because we are not acquainted with the horrors of heathendom and the darkness of un-evangelized worlds.

Christ commands us, first, to look at the fields. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

To take a glimpse of the fields we see twenty-four million widows in India alone,